

And makes him fore these Accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good.

Gloft. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloft. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Gloft. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,

And vseeth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloster*.

Gloft. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this,

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sir, ha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a fling at *Wincheſter*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Wincheſter*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill disention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within. Downe with the

Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vproue, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe. Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray Vnckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall

to it with our Teeth.

2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Gloft. You of my household, leaue this peeuiſh broyle,

And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,

Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mare,

Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,

And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles

Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Gloft. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perſwade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,

Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold

My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Wincheſter*,

Except you meane with obstinate repulſe

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,

You see what Miſchiefe, and what Murther too,

Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld,

Gloft. Compassion on the King commands me ſtoute,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you still so ſterne, and tragicall?

Gloft. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of *Wincheſter* relent;

What shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Gloft. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,

See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,

This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloster*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And so will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will see what Phyſick the Tauerne af-

fords. *Exeunt.*

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,

We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,

You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,

Eſpecially for those occasions

At *Eltam Place* I told your Maieſtie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:

Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,

That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc'd.

Winch. As will the rest, so willet *Wincheſter*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*,

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble ſeruant vowes obedience,

And humble ſervice, till the point of death.

King. Scoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,

And in requerdon of that dutie done,

I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maieſty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

Gloft. Now will it best auaile your Maieſtie,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The preſence of a King engenders loue

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it diſ-animates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloster* ſayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Gloft. Your Ships alreadie are in readineſſe.

Sener. Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,

Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:

This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Burnes vnder fained aſhes of forg'd loue,

And will at laſt breake out into a flame,

As ſeſtred members rot but by degree,

Till bones and fleſh and ſinewes fall away,

So will this baſe and enuiouſ diſcord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fiſt,

Was in the mouth of euery ſucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at *Monmouth* ſhould winne all,

And *Henry* borne at *Windſor*, looſe all:

Which is ſo plaine, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,

His dayes may finiſh, ere that hapleſſe time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell diſguiſ'd, with foure Souldiers with

Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. Theſe are the Citie Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,

Through which our Pollicy muſt make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar ſort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we ſhall,

And that we finde the ſlouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a ſigne giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks ſhall be a meane to ſack the City.

And we be Lords and Rulers ouer *Roan*,

Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. Peſſons la pouure gens de France,

Poore Market folkes that come to ſell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now *Roan*, Ile ſhake thy Bulwarkes to the

ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alonſon.

Charles. Saint Dennis bleſſe this happy Stratageme,

And once againe wee'le ſleepe ſecure in *Roan*.

Baſtard. Here entered *Pucell*, and her Practiſants:

Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecific?

Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.

Reig. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,

Which once diſcern'd, ſhewes that her meaning is,

No way to that (for weakneſſe) which ſhe entered.

Enter Pucell on the top, thruſting out a

Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,

That ioyneſh *Roan* vnto her Countrey men,

But burning fatall to the *Talbot*ites.

Baſtard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,

The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.

Charles. Now ſhine it like a Comet of Reuenge,

A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,

Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preſently,

And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarm.

An Alarm. Talbot in an Excuſion.

Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treason with thy teares,

If *Talbot* but ſuruiue thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Miſchiefe vnauaries,

That hardly we eſcap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarm: Excuſions. Bedford brought

in ſicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,

Charles, Baſtard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will ſay,

Before hee'le buy againe at ſuch a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taſte?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and ſhameleſſe Curtizan,

I truſt ere long to choake thee with thine owne,

And make thee cur